

THE DRAMATIC CENSOR ;

OR,

WEEKLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

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NUMBER VI. Saturday, February 8, 1800.

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*Optat epiphia bos piger, optat arare caballus :  
Quam scit uterque libens, censebo, exerceat artem.*

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*Non omnia possumus omnes.*

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\* \* \* Dramatic Writers, who desire to have an *early* Review of their Publications, are requested to send a Copy to the Editor, at the Printing-Office.

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DRURY-LANE, Friday, Jan. 31, 1800.  
PIZARRO. (*Sheridan*).—FOLLIES OF A DAY. (*Holcroft*).

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COVENT-GARDEN, Friday, Jan. 31, 1800.  
JOANNA. (*Cumberland*).—VOLCANO.

Mr. POPE resumed the part of Lord *Albert*. The advantages of size and figure are decidedly in his favour, and give him, in this respect, the superiority over Mr. CLAREMONT.

Cc

The

The remark we made in page 112 of our Third Number, relative to the absurdity of introducing *drums* and *trumpets* to an air which begins with declaring :

“ Roaring war is gone to sleep,

“ Drums and trumpets *silence* keep.”

has not been thrown away upon the Composer. Mr. BUSBY has very properly substituted a New *Finale* in its place. A change has likewise been made in the music of the Chorus of Peasants which ushers in the First Act.

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DRURY-LANE, *Saturday, Feb. 1, 1800.*

CASTLE-SPECTRE. (*M. G. Lewis*).—OF AGE TOMORROW.

IN consequence of the indisposition of Miss BIGGS, the part of *Angela* was undertaken by Miss HEARD. In page 8 of the First Number of The DRAMATIC CENSOR, we remarked, that several of this lady's occasional tones convinced us, that her voice was capable of greater expansion than the general tenor of her delivery might lead a superficial observer to suppose. The experience of this evening has fully justified our assertion. She spoke with energy, feeling, and correctness of enunciation : her manner was impassioned, and her whole style of acting calculated to command the approbation of all intelligent

gent critics. The audience testified their satisfaction by loud and reiterated plaudits. We would wish to see this performer taken out of the line of *tame* characters, and placed in situations, which, like the part of *Angela*, add the potent *stimulus* of emulation, and compel her to exertion.

Mr. PALMER's *Father Philip* strongly reminds us of his late Brother, and gives us confidence to repeat the opinion we broached on a former occasion, (See page 36) relative to the revival, at this Theatre, of the play of *Henry IV.*

Mr. DOWTON excels in manly style of declamation. He gives great emphasis and dignity to the character of *Hassan*. We cannot speak as favourably of Mr. C. KEMBLE's *Earl Percy*; the part in his hands assumes too puerile and insignificant a cast.

The deep, mellow tones of CORY are admirably suited to the pathetic tale of *Reginald*. With such powers of voice, such compass of modulation, what *might* this gentleman not become? In plaintive scenes he is peculiarly happy.

*Osmond*, as experiment has shown, cannot find a better representative than BARRYMORE. On the stage this performer claims undisputed possession of the *tyrant's throne*.

The



The play was succeeded by the *first* representation of a *New Musical Farce*, in two Acts, entitled *Of Age To-morrow* :—the Music by Mr. KELLY ; the dialogue, according to report, by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. But as this gentleman has very prudently not avowed himself as the author, we do not deem ourselves justified in advancing this *libel* against him, on such questionable authority. The following is a list of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Frederic, - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Baron Piffleberg, - - - - -	Mr. SUETT.
Hans Molkus, - - - - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Hair-dresser, - - - - -	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Servant, - - - - -	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
Lady Brumback, - - - - -	Mrs. WALCOT.
Sophia, - - - - -	Miss STEPHENS.
Maria, - - - - -	Miss DE CAMP.

The 'prologue, which is said to come from the pen of Mr. ANDREWS, prepared us for the wretched *farrago* of dullness and absurdity which followed ; by candidly avowing, on the part of the author :

“ *Oddity's our substitute for sense.*”

Never, perhaps, was a dramatic piece, ushered to the public by a prefatory declaration of greater truth and pertinency.

Plot there is little, or rather none. *Frederic*, a hair-brained gentleman of rank and fortune, within one day of completing his *minority*, goes to church  
by

by way of a frolic, where he sees, and instantly falls in love with, a young lady, whose name, character, and circumstances are alike unknown to him. The lady, to the full as amorous and precipitate as the gentleman, conceives an equally romantic passion for the youthful swain. But, as a church is, in many instances, a fitter place to *leer* and *ogle*, than to breathe the soft vows of love (especially when *maiden-aunts*, and a proportion of the congregation separate the parties) the *inamoratos* have no opportunity of mutually discovering their flame.

The difficulty of coming to an explanation is not, it seems, confined to the church. The aunt, in the true spirit of an *old maid*, has no objection to be married herself, before she provides a husband for her niece *Sophia*; whilst the latter, like most *young maids*, is willing to take the trouble of looking out for a suitor, upon herself. The lover has recourse to stratagem to procure an interview with his mistress, which he easily effects by practising upon the credulity of the Aunt, whom the author, no doubt designed to represent as an artful character. But in this he has totally missed his aim; for Lady *Brumback* is a downright simpleton, and requires no management. *Frederic* introduces himself in the several disguises of a hair-dresser, a crippled soldier, and lastly, as the natural son of Baron *Piffleberg*. To conclude the farce, whilst Lady *Brum-*

*Brumback* and *Piffleberg* are engaged in altercation, *Frederick* elopes with *Sophia*, trumps up a clandestine marriage, and then returns to the *hotel* (as it is styled, though it bears the appearance of a *private house*), where he avows himself in his true character. All this is the work of ten minutes, the catastrophe being accomplished in less time than would be requisite to go through the nuptial ceremony.

Such are the leading features, or to speak more properly, the *inuendoes* of the story, which is ill-digested, ill-told, and not developed by any regular train of incident. The dialogue is a mere distillation, or rather *caput mortuum*, from the celebrated *Joe Miller*. Two or three wretched puns supply the place of humour, amongst which the *witticisms* on Mr. BANNISTER's name deserve to be particularly noticed. Waiting upon Lady *Brumback*, in the disguise of a hair-dresser, he tells the aunt, that his master that morning had the misfortune to "break his neck over a damned *bannister*." ——"I wish there were no *bannisters* in the world."—replies her Ladyship.—(the removal of *bannisters* from staircases, it must be confessed, would furnish an effectual method of preventing such disastrous tumbles.) "In that case (retorts BANNISTER) I should not now have the honour of waiting on your Ladyship."

But



But if the plot discovers little skill and management, the author displays, if possible, still less address in the execution of his work. The *scene* is laid in Germany, but the *manners* are

“*English, English, Sirs, from top to toe.*”

Baron *Piffleberg* would not be recognized by any chapter of the Empire: he is a complete English country-squire. *Frederick* is totally unacquainted with the forms and usages of his own country, and *naturalizes* the characteristic peculiarities of Great Britain. Lady *Brumback* is a *caricature* (as far as the affectation of sentiment and polite breeding is involved) of Mrs. *Malaprop* in the *Rivals*. *Hans Molkus* is the only individual in the whole list of *Dramatis Personæ*, who preserves his national lineaments.

But it were a waste of time to enlarge on the defects of the dialogue, which serves avowedly no other purpose, than to give the author an occasional lift in *lugging-in* his songs. Yet even these are as little qualified to stand the test of criticism. They are slovenly written, without any attention to the laws of metre, and the diction is most woefully twisted and inverted to hammer-out the rhymes; as may easily be proved, by adducing a few instances:

Page 7. “Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you.”

10. “When my very first day to the field I had got.”

11. “Took heart through his head to discover his passion.”

12. “Or a billet-doux carry, *where'er* 'tis directed.”

*Sophia's*

*Sophia's* song, page 9, displays a wonderful facility of rhyming to the same *jingle*, together with a happy knack of *wire-drawing* a sentiment.

“ Depriv’d of thee her colours fly,  
 “ Unheeded by the captive eye.  
 “ Confinement poisons every joy,  
 “ Makes ev’ry earthly pleasure cloy.  
 “ While Liberty enhances high,  
 “ Each bliss we boast beneath the sky.”

’Tis in vain to look to the stage for refinement and classical taste, whilst such wretched jargon as this can obtain admirers.

It would, however, be an act of injustice to deny, that the following *duett* between *Frederick* and *Molkus*, possesses some merit. It is incontrovertibly the best written song in the piece, and independent of characteristic propriety, blends a pleasant vein of humour with fluency of verse.

*Fred.* When we took the field, old Frederick led the van.

*Molkus.* When he gave the word, we follow’d to a man.

*Fred.* Then comrade don’t you know, whenc’er we met the  
 foe,

*Molkus.* How we charged them on the plain!  
 Up the hill and down again.

*Fred.* Thro’ camps and lines, defiles and works  
 Christian soldiers fought like Turks,  
 At Bender, Prague, and at Belgrade; Eh, comrade,  
 don’t you know?

*Both.* When we took the field, &c.

*Fred.* Come then toss the can! may soldiers and their  
 wives,

*Molkus.* When war yields to peace, at home lead happy lives,

*Fred.*



*Fred.* Drink to every gallant soul,  
*Molkus* German, Briton, Russian, Pole.  
*Fred.* Men who never turn'd their Backs,  
*Molkus.* Charles the Twelfth, and Marshall Saxe.  
*Both.* Come then tofs the can, &c.  
*Fred.* Here's to ev'ry great Commander,  
*Molkus.* Julius Cæsar, Alexander,  
*Fred.* Who in ages rude and-civil,  
*Molkus.* Did not fear to fight the devil !  
*Both.* Come then tofs the can, &c.

But if we wave the discussion of propriety and literary merit, and consider the New Farce merely as an article of barter, it must be confessed, that it promises to prove a source of lucre and emolument to the parties concerned. 'Tis that species of composition, which in the present temper of the times, cannot, (to speak technically) *fail to tell*. The parts are well-cast, and afford ample latitude for a display of professional talents, on behalf of the performers. The *Prologue*, with very slender pretensions to poetical excellence, is nevertheless sure to command the "thunder of applause" from the great bulk of a London audience. It abounds in a certain *quaintness* of conceit and expression, which of late years has usurped the place of humour and good sense. We may, indeed, in this respect, apply to Mr. ANDREWS the apology he tenders for the inconsistencies and folly of the piece.

" *Oddity's our substitute for sense.* "

It contains, however, some happy strokes at the preposterous rage of the town for *pageantry* and *jingle*, in

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which

which the *C. Ale-Spectre*, *Pizarro*, *Blue-Beard* and *Lodoiska* come in for their share of merited castigation. Mr. BANNISTER recited it with the happiest effect, and, with the exception of his singing, (which was frequently out of tune, especially in his Duett with Miss DE CAMP) was perfectly *in his element*. In the *hair-dressing scene*, where he adjusts the head of Lady Brun back, he proved to the satisfaction even of *connoisseurs*, that he had not followed the ancient maxim:—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Anglice. *Let the cobbler stick to his last*—but was in a state of qualification for assuming the lofty title of a *Jack of all trades*.

SUETT had a very fair opportunity of indulging his natural disposition for drollery, in the character of Baron Piffleberg. His *bunting adventures* were given with irresistible comic force; but we cannot refrain from noticing the absurdity which the author has committed by prefacing his song with a declaration, on the part of Baron Piffleberg, that he never composed a rhyme in his life, *but once*, and that was “crump-ling and dumpling.” Yet in the very same breath, this *unpoetical* Baron mounts the Muses’ hobby, and tags all his disasters and mishaps into verse.

*Hans Molkus*, the only just character in the whole piece, was admirably personated by Mr. WEWITZER. This performer is always correct. The *Duett* between him and BANNISTER, (the words of which we have inserted above) was given with spirit, and a strict eye

to nature in his delineation of the veteran campaigner. *Molkus*, like a true soldier, who "*shoulders his crutch, and shows how fights were won*"—cannot hear a warlike tune struck up, without beating time by marching. The idea is classically accurate.

Miss STEPHENS appeared to great advantage, as a vocal performer, in the character of *Sophia*. She has a charming air: "*Delightful Freedom! &c.*" which she sung with exquisite sweetness. Her tones are rich and harmonious, and the composer has given her, in this song, ample scope for the exercise of her musical powers. She was imperiously and deservedly *encored*.

Miss DE CAMP is the very life and soul of the New Entertainment. She is one of the *rare aves* in the theatrical profession, who can both *act* and *sing*. Sprightliness and feeling alike characterize her performance. Her *Medley*, in the Second Act, was given with a degree of archness and pleasantry peculiar to this lady. We must, however, beg leave to call the author to account for the bad compliment he pays to the *gallantry* of our countrymen, in the concluding stanza. The Spaniards, Italians, and the French, are successively introduced as zealous votaries of the Fair Sex; their chief attention is directed to the worship of the ladies; but poor *John Bull* is totally stripped of all pretensions to gallantry. He, forsooth, has no relish for the charms of beauty; "*Beef, Trade,*  
and



and Plumb-pudding"—form the sole objects of his attention. The author seems to have had SWIFT in his eye, (if, indeed, his reading extends beyond *Joe Miller*—) and has applied an *individual* character to the whole nation at large.

" *Plumb-pudding* is all I desire ;

" A *mistress* I never require,

" A *Lover* I find it a jest is,

" His *misery* never at rest is. "

He has rendered himself guilty of a neglect, which the ladies, no doubt, will rank in the class of unpardonable sins of *omission*. We would recommend to him to improve the very earliest opportunity of repairing his mistake, in which attempt we will cheerfully lend him a helping hand ;

" In England 'tis BEAUTY our homage engages,

" Not Trade, Beef, nor—Pudding itself more the rage is.

" John Bull's *next* delight is to help a poor neighbour :

" He sings whilst dividing the fruits of his labour."

Mrs. WALCOT, as the representative of Lady *Brumback*, personated the half-expectant, half-desponding *Old Maid* with considerable judgment. HOLLINGSWORTH and CHIPPENDALE were mere *walking* characters.

Of the Music we cannot return too favourable a verdict. It answers the precise character, which stage compositions of this description ought to bear; blending sweetness with skill, simplicity with science. Every professor, who hopes for popularity ought to attend

tend studiously to this particular. The *Overture* is a mixture of the *con-spirito* and *affettuoso* style. *Maria's* Song, "While I hang on your bosom &c." makes a forcible appeal to the feelings. For richness of modulation, few compositions can compare with the delightful air (the merits of which we have already commented upon) sung by Miss STEPHENS, as *Sophia*: "Delightful Freedom! &c." In one word, the Music to the New Entertainment is justly entitled to the praise of being uniformly characteristic and appropriate to the subject. We have only to regret that Mr. KELLY's talents have been thrown away upon such an unworthy text. He may truly say in the words of the Latin poet: "*Materiem superabit opus.*"

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COVENT-GARDEN, *Saturday, February 1, 1800.*

JOANNA. (*Cumberland.*) VOLCANO.

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DRURY-LANE, *Monday, February, 3, 1800.*

THE STRANGER, (*Altered from Kotzebue.*)

OF AGE TO-MORROW.

The sudden and frequent vicissitudes of weather, to which the climate of this country is peculiarly subject at this season of the year, must in a more than ordinary

ordinary degree affect that class of persons, whose professional duties lay them under the necessity of alternating, by abrupt transitions, the different temperatures of *heat* and *cold*. Our Readers, no doubt, have remarked the frequent changes, which have taken place, in the distribution of parts, among the several performers at the Two Theatres, in consequence of indisposition, since the publication of the **DRAMATIC CENSOR**. Mr. KEMBLE being incapacitated by illness from discharging his professional duties, the character of the leading personage, from which the Drama of *The Stranger* assumes its name, was undertaken by Mr. RAYMOND, who, it is but justice to add, sustained the part in a very respectable style.

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COVENT-GARDEN, *Monday, February, 3, 1800.*

MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE, (*Andrews.*)

GUARDIAN. (*Garrick.*)

With the exception of the young lady, who made her *third* appearance this evening, this play possesses neither Novelty, nor Interest-

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DRURY-LANE, *Tuesday, February 4, 1800.*

PIZARRO. (*Sheridan.*) OF AGE TO-MORROW.

The indisposition of Mr. KEMBLE and Miss BIGGS, occasioned considerable changes in the cast of



of this Tragedy. The part of *Cora* was allotted to Miss HEARD, who evinced herself a very respectable substitute, and would have acted with still better success, if timidity had not proved a strong drawback upon her powers. The omission of *Cora's* Song, with its *fulminating accompaniment*, was, likewise, in the opinion of the *injudicious* multitude a great detraction to the part.

Mr. CORY sustained the arduous character of *Rolla*. As the substitute, not from *choice* but *necessity*, of Mr. KEMBLE in one of his very best parts, he is entitled to every degree of indulgence. His principal defect lies in the *impetuosity* of his delivery; he would appear to far greater advantage, if he possessed calmness of mind. This, however, is a defect, not so much imputable to the performer, as to circumstances. To personate *Rolla* before a London audience, who have been in the habit of witnessing KEMBLE's style of acting, is certainly a hazardous enterprize, which requires practised assurance. Mr. CLARKE was the substitute of Mr. CORY, in the part of the blind veteran.

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COVENT-GARDEN, *Tuesday, February 4, 1800.*

RAMAH DROOG. (*Cobb.*) BARNABY BRITTLE.

This heterogeneous compound of Opera, Farce, and Pantomime is too contemptible to merit  
Criticism

criticism. 'Tis a vile \* *Potatoe* produce, which reflects absolute disgrace on a *regular Theatre*, and ought to be transplanted from the *Garden* to the more congenial soil of the self-dubbed *Amphitheatre of Arts!* the *Circus*, the *Royalty*, or *Sadler's Wells*. Indeed, *Bartholomew-Fair* would be the fittest scene of representation, as the *Tyger-hunt* might there be introduced with all the superiority of effect, which the exhibition of *living wild-beasts* must have over a patch-work skin, stuffed with straw.

Leaving, however, the author totally out of the question, ( if, indeed, Mr. COBB can lay claim to the title of *author* of a *piece*, to which he contributes the smallest and the least attractive part ) the scenery and music are deserving of commendation. Miss WATERS has a beautiful air, which she sings in a superior style of excellence. This lady's voice is sweet, powerful, and of extraordinary compass ; her lower tones, in particular, are richer and swell more harmoniously on the ear, than those of any female performer on the stage. As she evidently combines science with taste and natural parts, there can be no doubt, but she will rise to eminence in the profession. At present she appears to labour under too great a degree of timidity in her *acting*.

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\* The principal incident in the piece hinges on a *potatoe*, with which an Irish Mock Doctor heals a *drunken* prince.

As the play is of that motley description, which embraces all the absurdities and defects of dramatic composition, without its beauties, we shall not enlarge on the merits of the performers. Mr. INCEDON appeared this evening in public for the first time since the decease of his wife. JOHNSTONE and MUNDEN seemed to be sensible of the ridiculous parts they had to sustain, and accordingly took care to season their acting with a due proportion of extravagance and *mummery*, for which they in a great measure stand excusable. It deserves to be mentioned, that *Ramab Droog* has been acted four times by Royal command.

The Entertainment consisted of the revived farce of *Barnaby Brittle*, which the Managers thought proper to resuscitate from a five years' state of dormant inaction; but the reception it experienced will, we trust, convince them of the expediency of re-consigning it to the gulph of merited oblivion. *Barnaby Brittle* deduces its origin from one of *Moliere's* plays.

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DRURY-LANE, *Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1800.*

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. (*Coleman and Garrick*)—OF AGE TO-MORROW.

THIS Comedy ranks in our estimation among the best productions of the age. It possesses all the essentials of dramatic composition, and is one of

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the very few modern plays, to which a writer of real taste and talents would not be ashamed to affix his name. The plot, which is ably conceived, and *regularly* developed, abounds in interest; the characters are justly drawn, and well *preserved*; the dialogue is elegant, without affectation; easy, without negligence; the wit is genuine, the humour chaste; no puns, no quaintness of conceit and diction, no distillations from *Joe Miller* (that inexhaustible resource of modern play-butchers), outrage the taste of the audience, and disgrace the author. The sentiments are natural, instructive, and elevated above the level of common place. With such powerful recommendations, it is a matter of just regret, that this Comedy is not, of itself, competent to attract a full house, without the aid of some wretched, but popular farce.

Mr. KING's *Lord Ogleby*, is a *chef d'oeuvre* of acting, which throws all the rest of his colleagues for the evening into a hopeless back-ground. If the writer has discovered the hand of a master in his delineation of this character, Mr. KING displays equal felicity of conception in his personation of the part.

Mr. DOWTON's *Sterling* was respectable: BARRY-MORE gives the *impetuosity* of *Sir John*, but is not sufficiently at home, as the *fine gentleman*. Young KEMBLE, whatever he may be in private life, acts a very *tame* lover on the stage. Miss CAMPBELL, his partner in the play, is still more frigid and ina-

inaminate in the character of Miss *Sterling*. Her sister found an able representative in Miss DE CAMP. Mrs. WALCOTT personated Mrs. *Heidelberg* with ability, in the aggregate, but *flounced about* too violently in her altercation with *Sir John*.

Aided and abetted by the fine music of KELLY, the new Farce, in spite of all its intrinsic dullness and insipidity, continues to gain admirers.

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COVENT-GARDEN, *Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1800.*

JOANNA. (*Cumberland*).—TURN-PIKE GATE. (*Knight*)

THE part of Lord *Albert* seems to be a kind of *give and take* between Messrs. POPE and CLAREMONT. After being resumed for a night or two by the original representative, it again devolved upon the latter gentlemen.

The play, or *Dramatic Romance* (to give it the title by which Mr. CUMBLRLAND has thought proper to baptise it) was succeeded by the Musical Entertainment of the *Turn-pike Gate*.

As this flimsy production has met with a degree of encouragement far exceeding its deserts, we shall in a future Number make its pretensions the subject of impartial discussion. At present, we shall only animadvert upon its most prominent defects.

Without noticing the plot, which is equally devoid of originality and interest; without entering  
upon

upon a critical investigation of the style and diction of the piece ; or pointing out the *plagiarisms* of the author, we must beg leave to remind Mr. KNIGHT, that the just delineation of character does not rate among the lowest requisites necessary in the composition of a drama. Puns and quibbles may be gleaned *ad libitum* from a jest book ; and a few harmless rhymes strung together by a person who cannot even scribble ; but to give a faithful transcript of nature, to draw a picture of actual life and manners, requires *mind*, talent, taste and a cultivated imagination. 'Tis in this point of view, we mean to examine the character of *Crack*, which with Mr. FAWCETT's *Joe Standfast* form the sole attractions of the *Turn-pike Gate*.

Mr. MUNDEN possesses from nature, improved by long habit and experience, such a happy knack of turning ludicrous and comic parts to the best account, that it is no wonder he should succeed, as *Crack*, in gratifying the risible propensities of the audience, at the expence of their judgment. But when we examine *Crack* at the bar of good sense and propriety, we find him to be a perfect *non-descript*, a character seldom, if ever, found in nature, and therefore improper for the Stage. Does it accord with the usages of common life, that a low vulgar cobbler should be *immediately* (for we are expressly told, page 13 and 15 of the *Turn-pike Gate*, that *Sir Edward* was a total stranger to his name and person) admitted to a footing of familiarity



arity with a *Baronet*? That a gentleman of rank and fortune, with grooms and domestics in every department at his disposal, should commit his cur-ricule, his horses and his dogs (and to add to the absurdity the very day he has furnished himself with a *game-keeper*) to the charge of a half-witted *cobler*? That he should accommodate this contemptible fellow with his riding coat and whip, and commission him to go "*in style*" upon his errand? Is such a mode of proceeding, we would beg leave to ask, consonant with the *etiquette* of Society? Are the Lords of Manors so very humble and con-descending? So very indifferent about the fate of their horses, their curricles, and their dogs? Would even a person qualified for the office escape so easily, if he were by an unavoidable accident, to destroy his master's carriage and kill his nags? We leave Mr. KNIGHT to decide the question himself; forbearing to expatiate at present, on the *personal* inconsistencies of *Crack's* character, and the strange incompatible mixture of folly and conceit, ignorance and knowledge, shrewdness and dullness, impudence and contrivance, blended together, without skill or management, in his composition.

Mr. FAWCETT'S *Joe Standfast* never fails to prove a successful trap to entnare applause to the piece. INCLEDON has a song, which (leaving the words out of the question) has sufficient charms to make even greater nonsense than the *Turn-pike Gate*, go glibly down. Miss WATERS appeared this evening

evening in a *white* dress, as *Maria*. This change we highly approve of, as the *dun* habit she wore on the preceding representations, had a dirty and unpleasant aspect, and actually *disfigured* her. We only wish she could be prevailed upon to lay aside her *black wig* and sport her *own auburn tresses* which would greatly improve her appearance. Miss SIMMS displayed much archness and vivacity in the part of *Peggy*.

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DRURY-LANE, *Thursday, Feb. 6, 1800.*

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE. (*J. Fletcher.*)—

LODOISKA. (*J. P. Kemble.*)

IN consequence of Mr. KEMBLE's continued illness, Mr. HOLMAN, of Covent Garden, performed the part of *Leon*. Acts of accommodation we shall ever regard in a different light from regular services, and therefore, without launching into a critical comparison of the merits of the two performers, briefly observe that Mr. HOLMAN sustained the character with respectability.

We have frequently had occasion to remark, that when the Royal Family visit the Theatre, as was the case this evening, a certain description of performers make it an invariable rule to deviate from the path of nature into extravagance and buffoonery. Of this SUETT furnished convincing proof. We must, however, do Mr. BANNISTER the justice to exempt his name from the charge. He was  
lively

lively and volatile, but not immoderately *outré*. Miss MELLON, as *Estifania*, and Mrs. POWELL, as *Margaritta*, exerted themselves to advantage. Mr. DOWTON's *Cacafogo* is highly characteristic.

Several alarming falls and tumbles took place among the performers towards the close of the Entertainment. Miss DE CAMP, in particular, had the misfortune to slip *twice*: her second *faux-pas*, (though, in fact, we are scarcely justified in making use of the word *her*, as the accident originated in the *faux-pas* of her male companion) was attended with such serious consequences, that she was obliged to be carried off the stage. For the sake of the public, we hope, that no secession will attach to this accident.

The Royal Family were welcomed with the wonted ebullitions of loyalty, on the part of the audience. A scene, expressly painted for the occasion, was exhibited on the drawing-up of the curtain, whilst the band sung the good old tune of "God save the King." It consisted of appropriate emblems of the naval superiority of Great Britain.

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COVENT-GARDEN, *Thursday, Feb. 6, 1800.*  
 THE BIRTH DAY. (*altered from Kotzebue, by T. Dibdin*).—THE GHOST.—SPOIL'D CHILD. (*Mrs. Jordan*).

THE part of *Emma* OUGHT, (if propriety has any weight



weight in the opinion of Managers), to be assigned to Miss MURRAY. Mrs. POPE, owing to reasons, which gallantry forbids us to detail, will ever prove a cruel draw-back to the character.

Covent Garden, under the auspices of \_\_\_\_\_ seems to be ambitious of wresting the proud appellation of the *House of Farce* from the Summer Theatre. We must not, however, suffer the absurdity of the *piece* to blind our eyes to the merits of the *Actor*. Mr. KNIGHT, as *Farmer Harrow*, demonstrated to the conviction of *scepticism* itself, the practicability of uniting chastity of performance with comic force.

Mrs. MILLS performs the part of *Little Pickle* in the Entertainment with great address. We feel no dread of committing ourselves by placing her in competition with the original representative, Mrs. JORDAN. Miss SIMMS is a young, but very *promising* performer. She personated *Maria* with spirit, and considerable humour.

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†§† The Editor of the DRAMATIC CENSOR flatters himself, that his conduct hitherto has betrayed no disposition to trifle with the public, or to barter the gratification of his Readers against his own personal ease and convenience. He hopes, therefore for indulgence, in again postponing the Review of the GERMAN THEATRE, which a serious indisposition has prevented him from completing. The public may rely on its appearance in the next Number, the major part being already with the Printer.

Mr. AUGUSTUS WALSHINGHAM will perceive that his Remarks have been attended to.